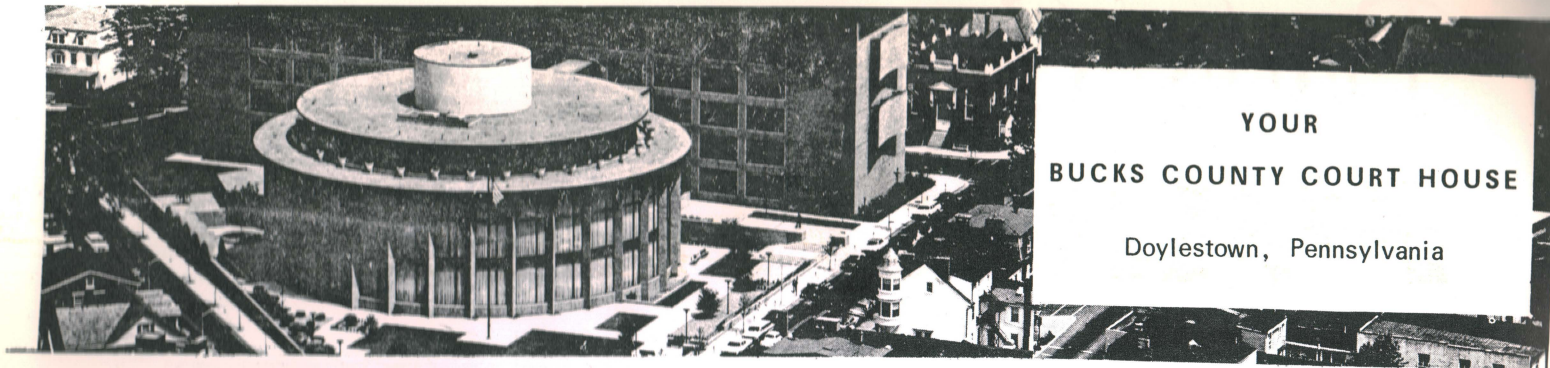


# Bucks County **PANORAMA**



*Photo by Richard M. Trivane*

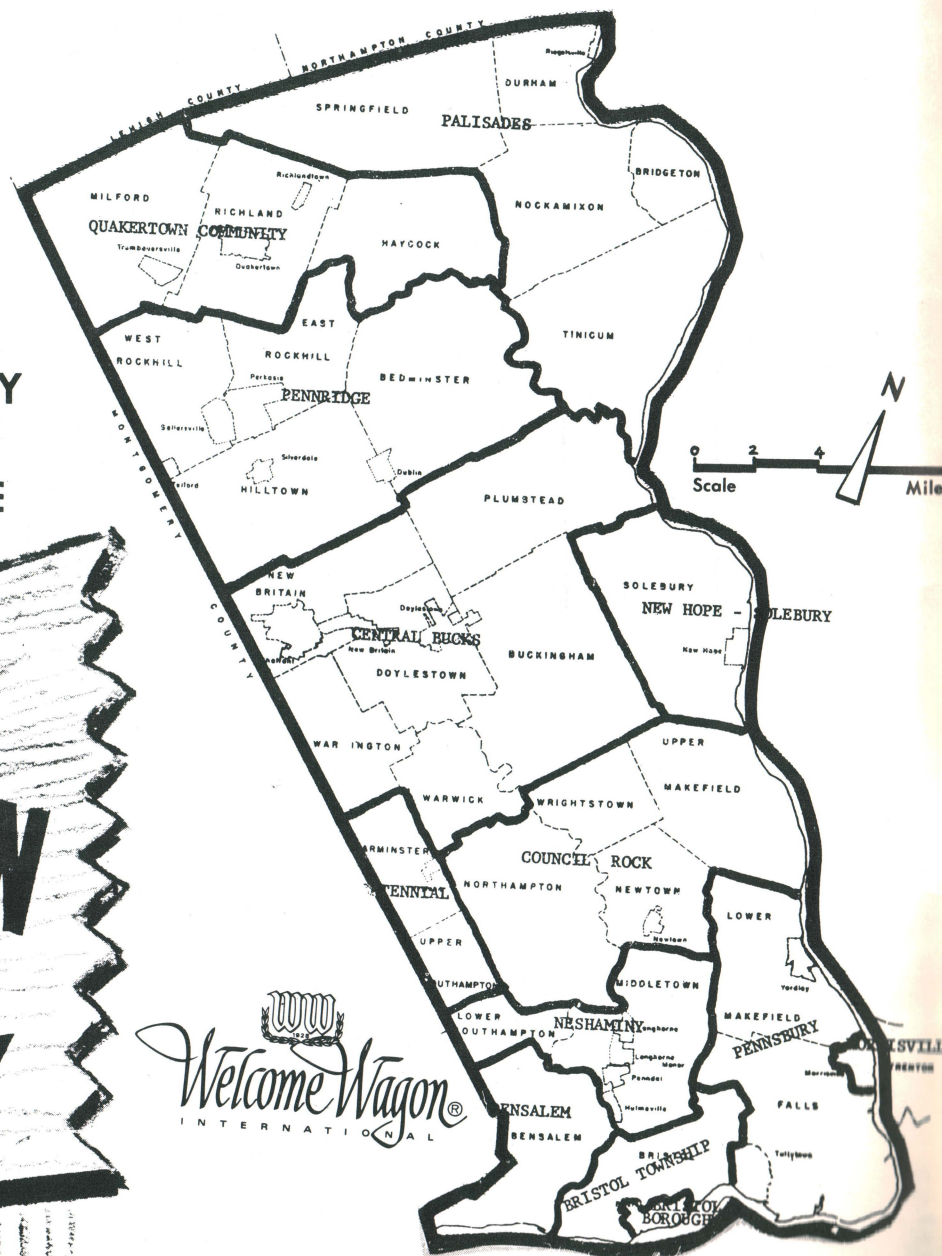




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# Bucks County PANORAMA

— The Magazine of Bucks County —

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## CALENDAR of EVENTS

August, 1969

- 1-31 **Washington Crossing** — Narration and Famous Painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Daily 9 to 5 p.m. Memorial Bldg. at 1/2 hr. intervals.
- 1-31 **Washington Crossing** — Thompson-Neely House furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Rte. 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. and Hol. 1 to 5 p.m.
- 1-31 **Morrisville** — Pennsbury Manor, the re-created Country Estate of William Penn. Original Manor House was built in 1683. Open daily 8:30 to 5 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Admission 50 cents.
- 1-31 **Fallsington** — Burges-Lippincott House, 18th Century Architecture. Open to public, Wed. thru Sun., incl. holidays, 1 to 5 p.m. Adults 50 cents, Students 25 cents, Children under 12 free, if accompanied by an adult.
- 1-31 **Bristol** — The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe St., Victorian decor. Hours: Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 1 to 3 p.m. Other times by appointment.
- 1-31 **Pineville** — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The country's largest private collection of hand-carved semiprecious stones. Open to public Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 1 to 5 p.m., 50 cents.
- 1-31 **Doylestown** — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Sts. Hours: Sun. 1 to 5 p.m., Tues. thru Fri. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Monday. Library of the Society — Tues. thru Fri. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Wed. 1 to 2 p.m. Adults \$1; children under 12; 50 cents. Groups by appointment [special rates].
- 1-31 **New Hope** — Mule-drawn Barge rides, daily except Mon. "See Canal Life as it was 185 years ago." Hours: 1, 3, 4:30 and 6 p.m.
- 1-31 **Telford** — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Rd. Paintings, sculpture, pottery and weaving exhibits. Hours: Evenings 6 to 10 p.m., Sat., Sun. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- 1-31 **Churchville** — Nature Education Center, Churchville County Park open daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 2 to 5 p.m. Family Nature Programs — Sun. 2 p.m.
- 1-31 **Bristol** — The Paddlewheel Queen — replica of old Mississippi River Stern-Wheeler, making sightseeing tours, daily and Sun., leaving Mill St. Wharf. For further information or prices, schedules and private cruises for groups phone 788-0900 or write P.O. Box 401, Bristol, 19007.
- 1-31 **New Hope** — New Hope and Ivyland RR, scenic trips through Bucks County on vintage trains, 14 mile round trips. Daily and Sun. For further information and schedule call 215-862-2355.

(continued on page 24)



*Ferndon*

# JERICHO VALLEY HOMES

*by Dr. Arthur E. Bye*

There are several old houses in the Jericho Valley, or that part of Upper Makefield Township, which, although not centres of William Penn grants, are important for their historic associations.

The so-called Jericho Valley is a particularly charming district. South of New Hope, but only a few miles from it, named after a range of hills, it is still remote from traffic. Knowles Creek winds idly below the steep hills, apparently lost in places where the woods are thickest, until it empties into the Delaware. The road from Wrightstown to Brownsburg follows it unevenly where possible, but it's a lovely road; the traveler finds here an almost uninhabited country, where deer abound, as if it were miles away from the busy world, in the Poconos, for example, instead of near New Hope or Trenton.

It was in this neighborhood that Washington's army of perhaps 12,000 men were encamped, or quartered among the farmhouses in the winter of 1776 before the momentous battle of Trenton. Five of those farmhouses in particular were the headquarters of Washington and four of his generals, namely Sterling, Greene, Knox, and Sullivan. These are known as the Keith, Merrick, Chapman, Hayhurst and Thompson-Neely houses.

Washington's headquarters was at the Keith House, so called because it was owned at the time by William Keith. It is now the property of James H. Rendall, Jr., and is approached by the above-mentioned Brownsburg Road, (called Pineville Road at this section) and on the Knowles Creek, on the south side of Jericho Mountain. A tablet at the entrance, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, states it was the headquarters of Washington December 14th to 25th, 1776. It is valued as an historic shrine by the Rendalls who have restored and improved the property, converting what was a farm to a gentleman's country estate.

It possesses nearly all the features I have mentioned in

the first of these articles, of a complete farmstead, an all-stone house, (in this case stuccoed white), a stone barn, a spring house and other outbuildings. The house itself has many antiquarian features; for example, it is built longitudinally in four sections, typical of the Bucks County farmhouse. It was not old when Washington stayed there, built in 1763, but the oldest section, which has a great kitchen fireplace, may be as early as 1750 when William Keith acquired the land.

I will not attempt to recount the details of Washington's activities here, as these belong to American history and have been recorded in many books. But I would like to repeat an almost unknown anecdote about Washington which was written by Joseph Smith in his Record Book (Vol. I, p. 52) preserved in the library of the Bucks County Historical Society.

It is also about Zachariah Betts, a Quaker, who lived near the Keith house, on the River Road, near the road leading to the Solebury Presbyterian Church. In the latter part of the war, probably between 1779-81, Washington with three or four officers rode down from New Hope, then called Coryell's Ferry, to visit the scenes of the winter of 1776, and to proceed to the Crooked Billet, as Hatboro was then called. To ask the way, Washington stopped at Zachariah Betts' place. Before giving directions, Zachariah brought a pitcher of cider and filled some glasses for the officers. Samuel, the son of Zachariah, a boy about three years old, began to cry; he wanted some cider for himself. Although the circumstance was so trivial as not to be noticed by most persons, it touched the sympathy of Washington, and he held his glass of cider to the little fellow's lips, until he was satisfied, and then drank what was left in the glass. The incident became a treasured household story in the family of Zachariah Betts, to be recited as entertainment to visitors as long as the old gentleman lived. Samuel had a distinct



recollection of hearing this story often.

On the way to the Crooked Billet Washington rode alongside Zachariah Betts, talking about farming, crops, prices of produce and inquiring about the various roads they crossed, as freely and sociably as a farmer joggling along to market in times of peace and plenty, but not a word was said about the army or the war. This ride was one of the great events in the life and experience of Zachariah Betts, and appeared to have given him a most exalted opinion of Washington.

Another event in the experience of Zachariah Betts was this: the Coryell who kept a tavern at Coryell's Ferry sent him to Philadelphia to fetch a hogshead of rum. After Zachariah's return with this errand accomplished, one of the officers encamped below Neely's Mill rode up to the tavern and ordered the rum to be hauled down to camp. Betts refused to do so; he told him that was not his orders. The officer swore very hard. Then Zachariah answered, "Thee knows I am a man of peace, or thee dare not talk to me like that."

In a compromise Zachariah finally agreed to go to the ferry and ask the French officer in command there, what he should do. The French officer, whoever he was, (probably de Fermoy) was found at his headquarters (Oliver Paxson's). He sided with Zachariah, and the offensive officer rode away.

This episode in the life of Zachariah Betts should be added to the many stories about the Revolutionary War in Bucks County. It brings to my mind another anecdote, but this pertains to the Thompson-Neely house, not far from the Keith house, the headquarters of Lord Sterling, not related by Ann Hawkes Hutton in her book about the house, entitled "The House of Decision." I will record my first visit to this historic shrine.

When I was a young man back in 1905, the old house was a neglected ruin. Tall weeds almost hid the house from view. The mill had long before ceased to work. The property had reverted to the wilderness which existed in the time of William Penn. I was studying painting in New Hope. With me was the talented Ethel Wallace who was to become one of the most well known artists of New Hope, then a young girl with romantic ideas. One afternoon she suggested we take my canoe and paddle down the canal to this old house. It was sad to behold. The doors were either off their hinges or swollen too tight to open. Many of the window panes were broken. It was a risk to walk inside, the floor boards were so loose, even gone in places. The plastered walls were decorated with the "Grafitti", found everywhere in vacant houses, making an art gallery a forerunner of later galleries which have since made New Hope famous, but I shunned to look at them in the presence of a young girl. Call the situation romantic. Ethel was thrilled. Here in this devastation were the elements of a story we would write together!

We searched about, up the rickety stairs, down in the former tavern wing, outside to the spring house and along

the canal looking for the soldiers' graves. To climb among the rafters of the ruined mill was also an adventure.

I am thankful we never wrote that story. And I am thankful for the memory of that deserted place, for we created for ourselves a picture of it in the time of Washington.

I created for myself another picture, however, which Ethel did not know, of the house in 1850. The Neelys lived there then, and they were prosperous. They gave a party to which my grandparents, then unacquainted, were invited. Years after both were dead I was told by an aged friend, Elizabeth Blackfan whom I called "Aunt Lizzie" who remembered the party well, that my grandmother, Elizabeth Dickerson, a beautiful young girl with auburn hair was seated on a sofa, when Benjamin Taylor walked in the room; he was introduced by Aunt Lizzie. He was an erect bearded young man, dressed elegantly, rather colorfully for a Quaker, and impressed the young Miss Dickerson as being stiff and conceited. She discovered afterward this was merely courtliness. Benjamin Taylor lived in Taylorsville, in a beautiful house described in a previous chapter (*The Mansions at Washington Crossing, Panorama*, June, 1968.) They were married that same year, 1850, and lived in reality "happily ever after."

So it was sad to me to realize, as I roamed about this trysting place, that this was now neglected and a ruin. But today, on the contrary, I can rejoice that the Neely house and mill are restored and permanently maintained by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission.

Of the three other houses of this neighborhood once used as headquarters by generals in the Revolutionary War, there is, to choose at random, first, the "London Purchase Farm," on the Eagle Road leading from Newtown to New Hope and north of Jericho Mountain. The name "London Purchase" is derived from the period when this part of Bucks County was a manor. Penn planned several areas of his domain to be "manors" in the English sense of the word; some were for his family, others for wealthy investors in his commonwealth. This one was purchased by a company of merchants in London, which soon dissolved; its territory was divided between Makefield and Solebury Townships. At the time of the Revolution "The London Purchase Farm" was owned by Dr. Chapman and is now the property of John Henry Welling. It was the headquarters of General Henry Knox, he who directed the actual crossing of the Delaware. It is a fine type of Colonial house which has been much modernized.

Another house of historic interest is the so-called Merrick house. There seem to be two houses with this name, one on the Brownsburg road near the Eagle road, opposite the Keith house, smack on the road, belonging to Dr. Baldi; the other on the Brownsburg road near the junction of the Stonybrook road, belonging to Mrs. Clayton Farrington, both of which lay claims to being the headquarters of General Nathaniel Greene, who had charge of the safety of the boats used in the famous crossing. Which-

(continued on page 21)



# SUMMER IN BUCKS COUNTY



*Photos by*

*Richard M. Trivane*





Summertime brings a special kind of pleasure for residents and visitors of Bucks County to enjoy during the warm days ahead.

The Delaware River is an excellent playground on which people can enjoy summertime fun. Everything from small outboards to brightly painted pleasure cruisers can be seen on its glistening waters.

Ever notice the tranquility of a riverside spot of beauty before a summer rainstorm? The sky seems to change in color from mild to deep blue as the thick, gray storm clouds push together and the cool wind ripples the surface of the water.

August is a good time to discover some of the pleasures of this county. This land which has figured so importantly in the American fight for independence and freedom lets the visitor retrace the footsteps of early residents who contributed to building a better place for their descendants to live in.

In Quakertown, one can see a colorful little old-fashioned brick building called Liberty Hall. One legend says the Liberty Bell was kept here in September of 1777. History does indeed tell us that friends of the Continental Army used the two-story structure to hide valuables from the British.

Another place that is always a popular summer treat with the traveler and historian alike is the Washington Crossing State Park. It has much to offer the family seeking a day of fun in the outdoors.

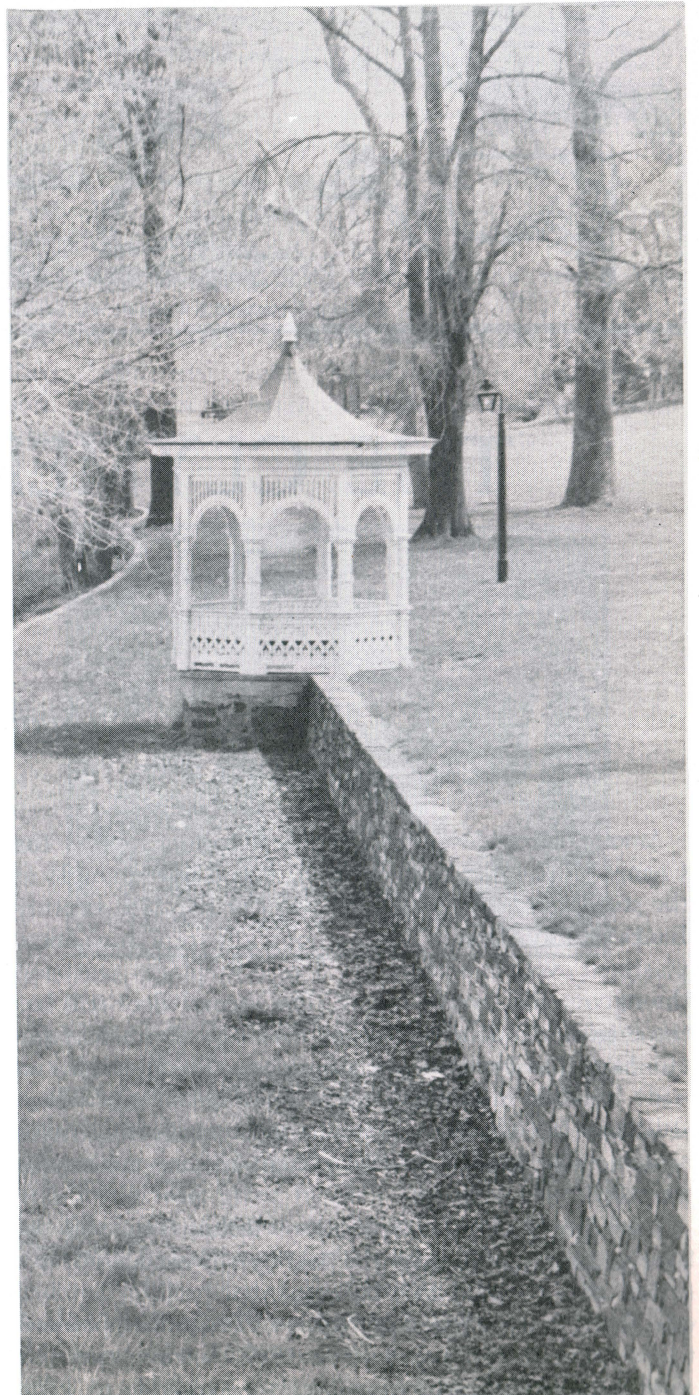
One may climb to the top of Bowman's Tower, if he wishes, for an all inclusive view of the surrounding farms and woodlands of this section of Bucks. People have been doing this for a good many years.

Many families simply like to have a picnic and relax in the cool shade beneath the branches of the high trees. Some Bucks Countians like to sit in their gazebos during the evening and watch the sun setting on the far away horizon.

Visitors seeing Bucks County for the first time can do this too, however, at a gazebo near the edge of the river in Washington Crossing State Park. It is a quaint, bright, white little structure for those who care to relax with a fine view of the river before them and for those simply wanting to escape a sudden rainstorm.

*Story by*

*Christopher Brooks*







# THE CLYMER HOMESTEAD OF CHALFONT

*by Sheila W. Martin*

Among the oldest homes in the Chalfont area is the Clymer Homestead. Built in 1792, it is a fine example of the sturdy and attractive dwellings of the 18th century Bucks County farmer. The exterior walls are of stone, now plastered over, and there are 5 or 6 fireplaces scattered throughout the twelve rooms. The second floor still has the original random width pine flooring and much of the old hardware remains on the doors. Thick walls and wide window sills surround windows, some of which still have the old glass. Two barns, a pump-house with a well under it, and several small buildings are on the property.

The homestead is located in New Britain Township on land originally owned by the Society of Free Traders. It is part of a tract of 2850 acres granted to John Sotcher who was a trusted friend of William Penn and appointed Chief Steward at Pennsbury in 1687. Sotcher sold 212 acres of his Chalfont land to Joseph Kirkbride in 1721

who in turn sold it the next year to a Welshman, Rees Lewis. In 1729 Lewis conveyed the property to Samuel Rowland who owned it until the middle 1740's.

The original house on the property was built before 1750 and was a one and a half storied log and frame dwelling on the opposite side of New Galena Road from the present house. Valentine Clymer bought the land in 1792 and built the home which has been lived in since and is still in excellent condition. Valentine Clymer was the grandson of Bishop Valentine Clymer (old spelling is Klemmer), the first regularly ordained Mennonite bishop in America. He fled from Switzerland to Alsace because of religious persecution, finally emigrating to America in 1700 where he established the first Mennonite church in Bucks County near Quakertown.

Valentine Clymer lived on his farm until his death in 1833 when his widow and five of his children having received their shares of his estate deeded "the mansion



house and farm of 123 acres" to his son Valentine, Jr. Valentine's grandson, Abraham R. Clymer, was the owner in 1876 when the homestead was sketched in the Centennial Bucks County Atlas.



Through the years Chalfont has had a variety of names. It was first called Butlers Mill for the first grist mill in that section of Bucks County built by Simon Butler in the early 1720's. After Butler's death in 1764, the name of the village was changed to Kungles Tavern after George Kungle, the owner of the local tavern. From 1815 until 1845 John Barndt owned the tavern so the town was renamed Barndtsville. (In many old Bucks County hamlets it is rather obvious who the most important man in town was!) In 1845 the post office name became Whitehallville and the town's name did also. When the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company changed the station's name to Chalfont in 1869, we arrive at the permanent name of the village.

The present owners of the Clymer Homestead are Jack and Jane Shafer who moved from California to Bucks County 3 years ago. When the Shafers saw how much

their seven children enjoyed living on the farm, they got the idea of giving other children the same advantage. With another Bucks County couple, Edward and Anne Sweeney of Warminster, the Shafers decided to open the Sevenoaks Farm Montessori School this fall.

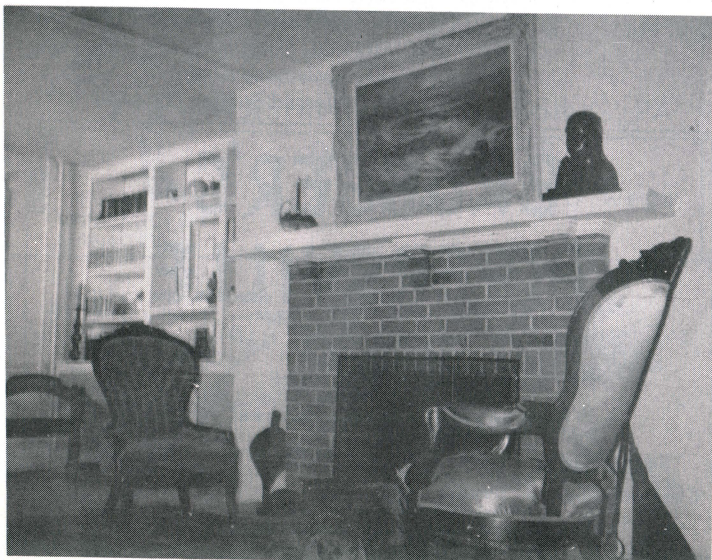
The Montessori method of teaching pre-school children was begun in 1906 by the first woman doctor in Italy, Marie Montessori. Her particular method of letting children be free to find out things for themselves and develop through individual activity worked well with retarded children she worked with in the slums of Rome. It was used with normal children with tremendous success and soon the Montessori method spread to the United States. The learning situation is presented in an attractive setting with a prepared environment and a well-trained teacher as a guide combining to give the young child a chance to develop an inner discipline that will carry him through difficult situations. There are four training centers for Montessori teachers in the United States — Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Los Angeles, and Ravenhill Academy in Germantown.

It is interesting to note that the Sevenoaks School won't be the first school held at the Clymer Homestead. The famous Bucks County historian, General W.W.H. Davis, while mentioning the education of John Sherm, born in 1844 on the neighboring farm, stated that Sherm attended the schoolhouse on the Clymer farm.



In fact, several early settlers in the Chalfont area shared an interest in the education of the local children. In 1752 James McAllester gave one acre of his land "for such neighbors as may maintain an English school in a house there erected upon said lot." Another gift of land for a school was given by James Snodgrass in 1806 and the Snodgrass School was in operation for 75 years.

So it would seem that the Clymer Homestead which for nearly 200 years has sheltered families who loved the land and all of nature's gifts, and who fostered the well being and education of future generations, now belongs to a family who also shares in this tradition.







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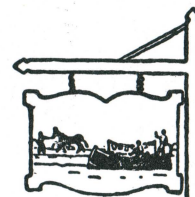
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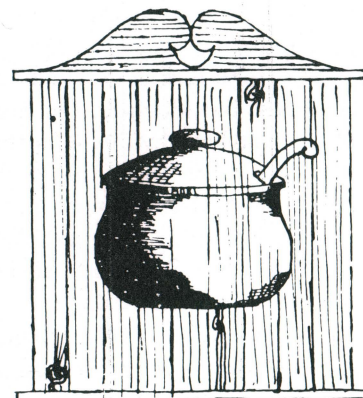
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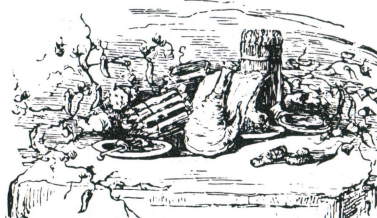
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# LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

by *Jeanne C. Benjamin*

Letting a black dog out into a country night is an eerie business. He disappears into his own color.

Every winter evening as we are savoring the closing measures of dinner, Sir Jetson of Marmitomgin, the limousine-black Labrador retriever who shares with us this ancient stone farmhouse, terminates his nap on the dining room hearthstones, circles the candlelit table in red-eyed disapproval of our dallying progress through dessert, and signals his desire for egress by a decorous sneeze. With his nose he jiggles the latch of the nearest front door.

The closest portal of the two adorning the house leads from the dining room itself. Customarily, a junior diner excuses himself and goes to swing the small pane and panel door inward while the rest of us watch, shivering a bit, as the dog stalks majestically through the opening into a wall of receptive soot.

Sir Jetson vanishes as cleanly as a herring into a millrace, or as a goldfinch into forsythia. The sight bewitches us all. It is as though he were a cinema ghost able to strut at will through solid masonry into a void.

The animal's startling nightly dissolution is uniquely a part of life in the country — existence conducted far from urban glow or village streetlamps which keep darkness from absolute perfection.

"That's life in the country!" was a needling comment uttered often by the former owner of this magnificent dwelling. He would roar with laughter and toss out the saw tauntingly when Donald and I, with our accustomed city-engendered impatience, were endlessly spurring bank and land title company for finished documents on mortgage and deed.

One parching noon soon after we had moved in, the seller-become-neighbor had occasion to hold his sides and boom again, "That's life in the country, dearie!"

I was alone at home and the problem was a little piston pump. Designed to lift water from the hand dug well to a pressurized storage tank in the cellar, it remained inoperative despite an abundance of water in the well and a dearth in the tank.

I was soon to learn that a balky pressure switch performed only erratically. Routinely it slumbered at its post. The prior owner was good enough to interrupt his day and come down into the whitewashed underground room to show me how cooperation could be elicited by a staccato invitation on the switch housing with a hefty socket wrench.

Had the gentleman raised his boot and kicked the toylike assembly I could not have worn a more censorious look than I did as he rapped it. Whatever annoyance he might have endured, conscripted by a helpless city lady, was dispelled in the burst of mirth he leveled at my next expression of admiring disbelief when the pump clicked obediently into service. Blows on the case had freed a bound interior spring, closing the electrical gap and starting the motor. Low tank pressure should have triggered connection automatically, but rural eternities have a way of eroding automation.

The evening of the pump episode — long before we were to experience birds in the fireplace or flies in the eaves — I took my still business-suited spouse by the hand and led him down the steep, uneven stairs into the low-ceilinged half of the basement where mounted on a cement pedestal sat the sturdy little engine. It was predictably in arrears.

With an elation that no high-rise domestic triumph had ever conferred, I flourished the socket wrench, tapped a crafty tattoo and, above the pump's reciprocating whirr cried, "That's life in the country, darling!"

Far from a litany incanted against snags and mal-



functions, the saying "that's life in the country" has become for us an exuberant choral response to the excitements inherent in having for home a generously proportioned stone farmhouse set high on a breezy ridge in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

Windy Willow Farm, as the house is named, reputedly has deeds dating from the seventeen hundreds. It has had tales woven about it that describe the front as formerly the back, the living room as once the kitchen, and the second floor as earlier little more than a loft.

A prosperous landlord once doubled its size, endowing the edifice with a center seam fore and aft. As each half embraces a separate entrance, the addition gives the house its present doublebreasted aspect.

Decades after expansion, this rock-ribbed fortress was purchased and renovated by an artist, who pictured it on his Christmas cards as the focal point of an idyllic snow scene. The artist moved away but the merry landscape has been recreated in actuality countless Decembers since.

Inside today are three full floors of living space, granting each family member territory uninterruptedly his own. Within also are two enormous fireplaces into which an adult can step while squinting up the flue.

The brisk fall Sunday we chose to build our christening fire was the day we discovered how necessary standing in the old fireplace can sometimes be.

The initial fire was to have been of colossal proportions. We had done things in outsize rustic style, obtaining a cord of extra-length logs to satisfy our voracious giant. Donald piled pine cones, kindling and wood upon the grate in a fashion guaranteeing cheery conflagration. He had been chafing since the date we took possession for weather suitable to a glorious hearth-warming ceremony.

Touching match to fagot was a plainly sentimental rite. This demi-castle with its placid mien solidifies the very essence of all we honor when we pronounce the word "home". Stone and slate and stately chimneys portray permanence and peace.

As we stood arm in arm looking down at flickering promises of security and serenity, we were ignorant of a gloomier atmosphere spreading above stairs until the children cascaded from their rookeries, chirruping and waving their arms like three eaglets losing lift in a cloud.

"The damper!" I twittered.

"But, it's open!" Don protested.

"What's this, then?" I squawked, unraveling from high inside the stifling cavern a pleated strand of straw.

"Birds!" the five of us hooted in unison. "That's life in the country!"

That primordial flame burned itself out in lonely glimmers on the gravel drive, having been gracelessly whisked there with firetongs and acute celerity.

The following morning, eager to probe the cool enigma, I spread muslin squares over the parlor's crimson velvet,

wound a kerchief about my head, and climbed inside. At shoulder height I found an iron damper broader than my armspan but not so ponderous as to forestall removal.

Behind the damper lay a season's worth of wingborne grasses laced with shredded, speckled shells. Dislodged, the accumulation topped two refuse barrels. Above, the chimney was clear.

We have shared many subsequent sessions cozily baking frostnipped limbs around the fieldstone apron. Friends from our metropolitan past visit and absorb its warmth murmuring contentedly that this is indeed life in the country.



Life in the country is many things: sometimes it is a test of skill, as in making provision for water and fire; sometimes, triumph; sometimes it is a ripple of wit, as in hearing Grandpa tell his teenaged granddaughter at peak fly-swarming season, "You needn't trouble yourself to bake me any raisin cookies this trip."

Existence in rural splendor is always beauty. It is a sunlit windowsill deep enough for appropriation as a reading nook. It is a church so small that on the first Sunday the whole congregation knows the new family; and on the second, the family feels it has met each member of the church.

It is glimpses of a translucent hawk patrolling the sky at the rate of four wingbeats per celestial mile. It is two deer momentarily disposed like sculpture on a tawny meadow. It is one headlong rabbit outrunning a hound.

It is the recurrent fascination of whistling up a nocturnally roving retriever named Jet and watching him materialize from the carbon midnight. That's "life in the country," — life on Windy Willow Farm!





# NEWEST DISEASE- CAMPING FEVER

by June Brennan

Within the past ten years or so, family camping has become big business. All manner of camping gear is advertised and sold in department stores, camping outlets, specialty shops — and even in drug stores and supermarkets. You could survive for years in the wilds with the wealth of equipment available.

Camp sites at state and national parks are at a premium. You have to place your reservations months in advance. Family camping is the national craze, outdistancing practically every other outdoor recreational activity.

There are all types of family campers. You've seen the casual type — who pack the car with bed rolls and a few misgivings, and camp out like gypsies wherever they happen to stop for gas. There is apparently no plan or organization to their meanderings. In contrast, you've probably met the dedicated campers, carting their home away from home in a neatly packed trailer. They have a planned itinerary, and are equipped to weather any emergency.

The majority of campers fit somewhere in between, as they take to the road with the family car bulging with all kinds of camping paraphernalia, depending on their enthusiasm, know-how, and available cash.

Even though I may be considered a heretic by the more fervent camping disciples, let me emphatically declare that I *hate* camping!

Please don't infer that I'm not inspired by the incomparable grandeur of nature. I have made many trips to some of the most scenic areas in the United States — but I always reserved a cabin or motel for the night.

I could have coasted through life without having had a first-hand camping experience were it not for my husband. He's a life-long camper who glories in tiring treks through the woods, over-cooked cook-outs, washing in freezing lake water, and bedding down in a lumpy sleeping bag. He hiked practically every mountain trail in the Adirondacks as a boy, and currently is a volunteer camp di-

rector for the local Boy Scout troop.

This summer — six kids later and with no immediate family crisis — I had my chance to see if my preconceived notions were valid. Outwardly, the whole set-up couldn't look more inviting. We had an experienced leader, all the necessary equipment and the weather bureau predicted a beautiful weekend. The children were eager and helped pack the station wagon with boundless high spirits. My husband finally fulfilled his ambition — to get the whole family back to nature. I was determined I'd make the most of the trip and not complain or criticize. I was promised a holiday from household chores for three whole days. It sounded idyllic.

Everyone was anticipating a merry time. The six children range in age from ten years down to ten months, with a set of three-year-old twins sandwiched in. As you might imagine, I'm accustomed to daily chaos at home but I was totally unprepared for the fiasco that followed.

Our neighbors at home may have been enjoying gorgeous weather, but we had no sooner unpacked our gear and made camp when we were deluged by rain. Have you ever tried camping with a ten-month-old baby in the rain? It's quite a challenge, believe me. Aside from his continual wailing, there was the problem of washing his clothes. I was bright enough to bring disposable diapers, but I still had to wash other baby clothing, not having an inexhaustable supply.

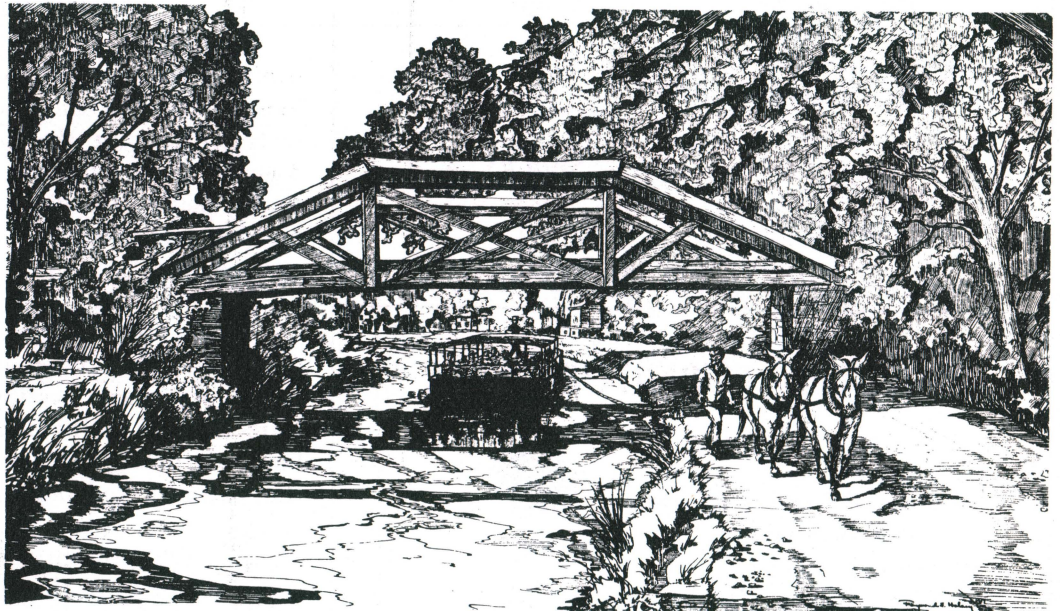
Try to picture two adults and six children, marooned in some wooded area, waiting for the weather to clear. How long can you play Scrabble or Parcheesi or invent new games? The older kids were bored and balky; the twins were like a pair of mechanical toy clowns, jittering continually and never winding down; the baby was a thorough trial, upchucking with regularity and studied authority. (*He'd show us!*) All manner of creeping creatures invaded, defiantly crawling over our bedding, food and

(continued on page 23)





*Phillips Mill*



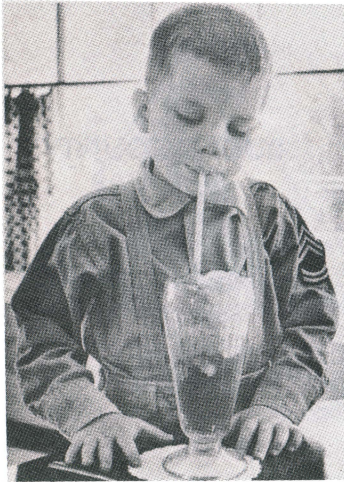
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## Rambling with Russ

by

A. Russell Thomas

### WHAT A PICNIC — 1847!

...AUGUST IS certainly the Picnic Month and has been for the past 122 years. It seems that Doylestown took the lead when picnics became the fashion in the early forties. But the picnic held in Harvey's Grove, August 6, 1847, must have been a classic. A reporter of the Bucks County *Intelligencer* certainly went all out with his elaborate account of the affair. It is worth repeating in *Panorama*.

\* \* \*

...“The crowd of vehicles came from all points of the compass — dust flying, horses reeking, ribbons fluttering and happy hearts beating. From the shores of the Delaware to those of the Schuylkill, and as far north as the boundary of Penn's Purchase, fixed by the Indian Walk, the gallantry and beauty of the land came pouring in.

...“FROM the city, from Norristown, Bethlehem and every village along the Delaware, and town and borough of midland Bucks, there were delegates fair as the Caucasian mountains ever submitted to the polished mirror's face.

...“AT ABOUT ten in the morning, the guests began moving towards the grove, where a dancing floor of spacious dimensions had been laid down. From this time, until ten at night, the road was covered with vehicles of all descriptions, going and coming, racing and flying. Our two townsmen of the livery, Weikel and Booz, each with an omnibus [renowned sons of the ribbon and the whip!] performed prodigies that might have amazed the charioteers on the Olympian plain.

...“THE dancing began — the waving and undulating of wreaths and gauzes and flounces, the glittering of sapphires, of bracelets, of strings of pearl, diamonds and emeralds, breastpins and cameos, garlands and buckles, silks, lawns and cambries, laces vainly aiming to hide



the alabaster underneath them, and embroidery creeping zia-zag mazes like gamble electricity in the cloud.

\* \* \*

... "A LONG table, canopied by the umbrageous boughs, presented a delectable spectacle to the undinnered multitude; and, when the signal came, most ample devotion was paid to the delicious collation. It were vain to attempt any description of the dulcet freight under which the table groaned; there was the whole family of cakes to the utmost generation, from the jumble to the mountain patriarch, thatched with evergreen, and cap'd like alpine summit with its glittering dome of snow.

... "THEN BEEF and tongue, ham and bacon, thrown in by way of substantial props amid the more fanciful and less stable viands. There was lemonade with mid-winter coldness, and ice cream with a chill not unworthy of the Arctic Circle, and a flavor that would credit the Tropic of Capricorn.

\* \* \*

... "THEN CAME night, and the grove turned into a Champs Elysee. The noble arch o'er head, formed by the towering oaks, became a firmament studded with lamps and torches. The way-lost wanderer, suddenly encountering the scene, might well have mistaken the spot for one of fabled enchantment, where nymphs and fairies were tripping music made by kindred spirits of their magic realms. But before the meridian as some child of song has dubbed it, the noon of night came on, the threaders of the mazy dance had vanished, the lights were gone, the last neigh of the steed and footfall on the leafy turf ceased to be heard."

\* \* \*

... ACCORDING TO the late General W. W. H. Davis, author of "Doylestown Old and New", one of the features of the Doylestown picnics of 1840-50, was that of the committee paying the entire expense, and they who attended were guests in reality, coming by card invitation. Similar social affairs were held in neighboring counties, but the ones at Doylestown were conceded to be the most enjoyable. On one occasion a delegation from Doylestown drove over to the Yellow Springs, Chester County.

\* \* \*

... HARVEY'S GROVE, the place of holding picnics in the Doylestown area, was the timber that at one time belonged to the old Oakland property fronting on West Court Street. The picnic period that had its birth in the forties, lasted, to some extent, through the fifties and was revived at the close of the Civil War in the sixties. There are still some enjoyable picnics but nothing like that affair in Harvey's Grove 122 years ago.

\* \* \*

#### MISCELLANY

... CONGRATULATIONS to Jack and Freda Nittinger, Joe and Carole Brady, gracious and delightful new owners of The Old Water Wheel Inn on old Route 611, one and

(continued on page 25)

WHAT'S NEW IN HISTORIC BUCKS COUNTY?

# Hockey Puck

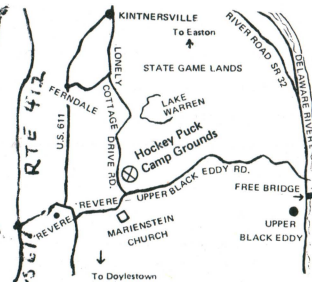
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### Between Friends

by Sheila Martin



AUGUST — probably the hottest month of the year, the laziest time and the most relaxing. It's nice to wear informal clothes and show off suntans and walk around the house barefoot if you feel like it. August every month of the year would be too much, but I enjoy one every summer . . .

The Bucks County SPCA is collecting books of S & H Green Stamps just like the rest of us housewives. However, the items they are saving stamps for are real big ones, and real necessary ones — an ambulance and a two-way radio system. Send in a book or two and give

the SPCA a helping hand. 12 cents postage will do; the address is Bucks County SPCA, P.O. Box 277, Lahaska, Pa., 18938.

I do a lot of research in the Bucks County Court House, especially in the Recorder of Deeds office. There is quite a system to looking up facts in the old deeds and I was quite confused until First Deputy William Liebig very kindly explained the procedure to me. It's nice to find our public officials so helpful and courteous.

Leonard L. Newman of Levittown is the new president of the Bucks County Association for Retarded Children; outgoing president Robert Ginn of Chalfont will serve as first vice-president.

263 North Main Street in Doylestown is the home of one of Bucks County's newest car dealers — Allen Toyota Corporation. The owners, Robert Allen of Maple Glen and John Thompson of Dublin, are enthusiastic about the Toyota, one of the leaders in popularity in the imported car field. Why not stop in and see the basic models, the Corona, the Corolla, and the Crown, and meet these friendly young men?

New hours for Treasure Chest Inc. at 11 West Court St. in Doylestown are 9:30 to 5 on Monday, Wednesday,



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and Friday with closing time on Wednesday at noon. Saturday hours are 9:30 to 2, and Friday hours are 7 to 9 P.M.

\* \* \*

The late Dr. H. Richard Giordano of Bristol was honored recently with the dedication of a non-denominational chapel in his memory at the Delaware Valley Hospital. The chapel has a stained glass window overlooking an altar on which is a Star of David and Protestant and Catholic crosses.

\* \* \*

The new phone number for the Doylestown Hospital is 345-6500. Those people in the greater Doylestown area who might have need of this had better make a note of it.

\* \* \*

The Yardley Community Center celebrated its 100th Anniversary this past June. It was one of the first Odd Fellows Halls to be built in Bucks County. It was bought in the 1920s for a community center and has been used for productions of plays, antique shows, art shows, etc.

\* \* \*

Good luck to Betty and Tom Strelbski of Upper Black Eddy with their new enterprise with the intriguing name — the Hockey Puck Camp Grounds. The name originated with a family friend who used to cheer up quiet or troubled groups of people with a cheerful, "All right, everybody say Hockey Puck. Now don't you all feel

better and isn't that a happy sound?" The Strelbskis have a 200 year old log cabin on their beautiful property as well as three lakes and a wishing well.

\* \* \*



*Kujawaiki Dance Troupe*

Come to the Polish Festival and Country Fair on Labor Day Weekend (Saturday, August 30, Sunday, August 31, and Monday, September 1). It is an entertaining and cultural event that attracted more than 60,000 persons last year. Polish Foods, Art, Culture and handicrafts are featured along with sparkling entertainment

(continued on page 22)

# Contemporary Weddings

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

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# EPISODES IN CAIRO IV



## ANAM

I was about half dressed after taking a shower late one afternoon when someone knocked at my door. Putting on my bathrobe made me somewhat slow in answering, but without waiting, the eighth-floor housekeeper, who, of course, had the key, burst into the room. "Good afternoon, Mr. Bye. How do you do! I not see you for two days."

She was beaming, cheerfulness radiated from her face. Coming forward and grasping both my hands in hers, she overwhelmed me with cordiality. I was staggered. For Anam — that was her name — was a handsome woman, large and awesome. The opposite of the demure Arab type, she was fair of skin, with a mass of black hair arranged in the latest style, that is, made to look like a wig; her black eyebrows and eyes were accentuated with paint, and her eyelids were elongated nearly to the ears in the way familiar to us in portraits of ancient Egyptian ladies. In short she was the living facsimile of some Queen of three thousand years ago — Hatshepsut perhaps.

I answered her greeting with an Arab phrase I had learned was the correct thing.

"In your presence I am well."

Although I was not sure, for, at my age, a man feels better in the presence of ladies if he is dressed. She didn't seem to notice my lack of attire but beamed.

"Sir, I have a favor to ask of you, a great favor."

Then she waited for an answer. I retreated a few steps until I hit a chair in back of me. Thus assured that I could fall in it if necessary, I said,

"Tell me what it is. I hope I can do what you wish."

"It is this" she stated, as if it were a final decision.

"Will you take me to America with you?"

*by Dr. Arthur E. Bye*

I fell in the chair.

And I remained there in perplexity for quite a while. The silence was embarrassing. The only thing I could think of to say was,

"It would be delightful."

"Good," she exclaimed, "I knew you would say that, and now, when are you going? I must get a passport."

In the daze I was in, she seemed to come forward as if to embrace me in premature gratitude. In consternation, I pushed the chair backward and warded her off by saying,

"How can I take you to America? Why do you want to go there? What will you do when you get there? I don't want to get married. Do you know how old I am?"

Then Anam laughed as only a large husky woman can laugh, and sat down on the other chair which was in the room.

"I will tell you, Sir, what we must do. You employ me. Yes, you employ me. I will do anything you say. I will serve you. I will cook for you, or perhaps be your housekeeper. You see I am very experienced. I will look after everything for you, supervise all the servants, go to market for you. I will care for your house just perfect. But you must make a contract for me, then I can get a passport and go with you to America."

"Wait," I stopped her, waving my arms around, "I don't need a housekeeper. I don't have any servants at all."

"But you would know of someone who does?"

"Anam," I said firmly and seriously, "Why do you ask this of me? Why do you want to go so badly to America? Leave your family? Forsake all your Egyptian ways of life — your lovely climate — for the unknown, to take up a totally different way of life you know nothing about?"

*(continued on page 24)*



(continued from page 5)

ever was the actual headquarters of General Greene, it should be revered also for its having sheltered, in December 1776, Thomas Paine, the author of "The Crisis", whose words "Now are the times that try men's souls" had profound influence on the morale of the patriotic cause.

The Farrington house, called "Ferndon" has more interest to antiquarians in being an unspoiled example of early architecture, unchanged from the time it was built. It is unusual in having three date stones, one TM 1757 — the initials being for Thomas Merrick, a Scotsman, the original builder, another RM 1781 — RM for Robert, Thomas' son, and a third, in a terrace wall, with a comet and an arrow carved above the initials, an enigmatic inscription. It is built in two sections, one much higher than the other, the lower preserving the original lean-to. The interior has the old immense fireplace, and is furnished tastefully with period pieces. Altogether Ferndon is a charming home.



Interior of Ferndon

A fifth "Headquarters" house is known as the Hayhurst farm, on the Eagle Road where General John Sullivan was quartered. Sullivan commanded the right wing of Washington's army.

While in this neighborhood one should not miss the Wiggins house for there is a mystery here. It is also on the Brownsburg-Pineville road and easily identified by the immense hedge of box at the rear. The great all-stone barn and barnyard are right on the road, a spring house on the other side. The house has a date stone BSW 1787 under the eaves, and BW on a corner of the oldest section.

The BSW undoubtedly stands for Benjamin and Suzanna Wiggins, but the date should be earlier, for Benjamin and Suzanna lived here the first half of the century. The mystery is "Who was Suzanna Wiggins?"

John Watson in his *Annals of Philadelphia* tells the story

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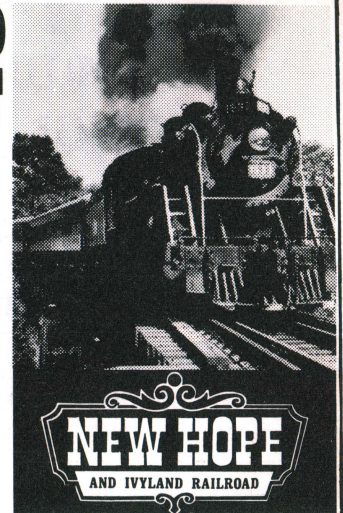
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as historic fact that Suzanna, called "Lady Jenks" was Suzanna MacPherson, a fashionable lady at the beginning of the century who came to Philadelphia as the widow of Thomas Jenks. She rode about the country dressed in hunting attire with Thomas Penn, and gave cause for a good deal of gossip among the conservative Quaker settlers. It was well known, Watson relates, that Thomas Penn was the father of her son, Thomas Jenks.

That she should be called "Lady Jenks" is not explained; genealogists have not tried to trace her origin back in Wales where the Jenks came from. But it has definitely been proved that Thomas Penn could not have been the father of Thomas Jenks; he was much too young. Thomas Jenks was born in 1699.

Watson Atkinson who spent years in research into the history of Wrightstown until his regrettable death a few years ago, and was a careful genealogist, discussed the subject of Lady Jenks with me personally. He was most curious to know who Lady Jenks could have been. Why "Lady" Jenks — a designation implying the wife of a knight or the daughter of an earl. "How," he asked me, "could such a story about her and Thomas Penn been recorded by John Watson?" He believed it could not be entirely dismissed. There was probably some truth in it. If the name William Penn (the great Quaker's eldest son) were substituted for Thomas Penn, the dates, as well as the character of the younger William, born 1680 could make it plausible for him to have been Thomas Jenks' father. Probably no proof will ever be forthcoming, but until thorough research is made into the origin of Thomas and Suzanna Macpherson Jenks in Wales, there will always be the mystery "Who was Lady Jenks?"

This much is known. She later married Benjamin Wiggins, and by him became the ancestress of the wide spread highly respected Wiggins family. Thomas Jenks, when grown to manhood, acquired a property in Middletown on the Core Creek, lived to be 99 and had many descendants of prominence in Bucks County.



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(continued from page 19)

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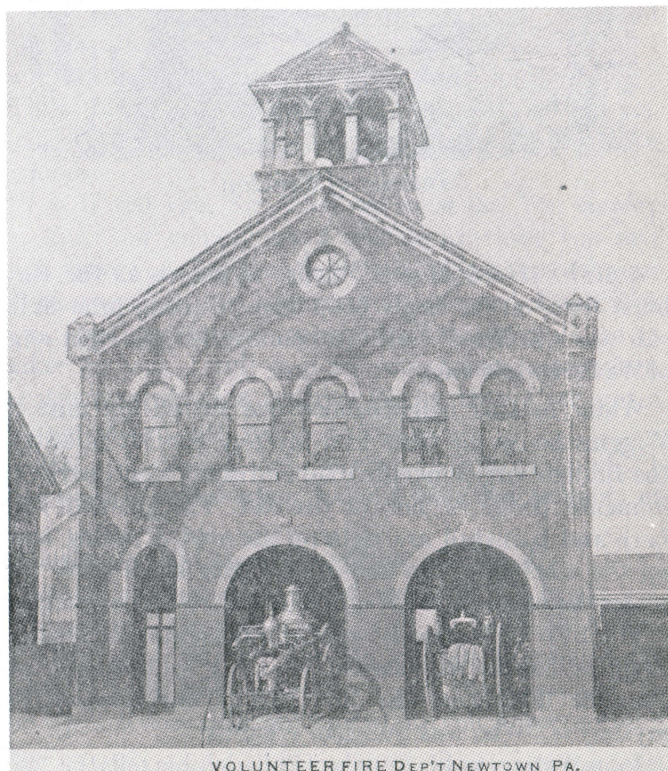
This year the famous Kujawaiki Dance Troupe of Alliance College in Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania will return to give four free performances to the general public: two on Sunday and two on Monday (Labor Day). The group which has performed before Presidents and in leading Concert Halls throughout the country is winning wide acclaim for their professional performances in the art of Polish Song and Polish Dance. Last September they were the headline performers at the Festival and at the Hemis-Fair in Texas.

\* \* \*

The Newtown Community Boys Choir is presently concluding its first year of musical activity in this Lower Bucks County area.

The Choir, begun last September under the leadership of Dr. Howard N. Reeves, Jr., and accompanied by Peter Motson of Langhorne, currently has a personnel of 30 boys, who range in age from seven to fourteen. The boys were selected from the surrounding communities on the basis of their ability and interest in such a choir group.

The Choir will be opened to new boys, between the ages of 7 and 13. It is required that new boys be auditioned by Dr. Reeves, and that if accepted, will give themselves in faithful attendance when the Choir begins its second season on Sept. 2. Contact Dr. Reeves at 547 E. Washington Ave., Newtown, or phone 968-3178.



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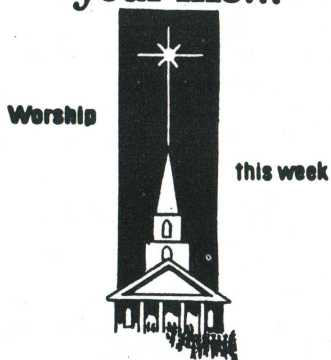
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(continued from page 14)

clothing, our bottle of insect repellant to the contrary. The sleeping bags were uncomfortable and soggy; the food tasted moldy; our clothes felt moldier. It was impossible to find dry wood for the fire; someone lost the flashlight. The nights were cold and clammy; the eerie noises in the darkness were enough to conjure up visions of pouncing mountain lions. The children — and mother — in cowardly fashion crunched down in the sleeping bags as far as we could go. My husband was totally exasperated with all of us.

I will concede that the scenery was beautiful. I finally noticed my surroundings as we left. The rain miraculously stopped, and the fog lifted. I'd prefer to take the marvels of nature in smaller doses, however, from inside the car as we drove home.

I believe this family camping craze is just a hoax — one gigantic sales promotion. This campaign is perpetrated by crafty ad men, out to sell a bumper crop of kerosene stoves and pup tents. These men have never left their high-rise offices on Madison Avenue or their plush Westchester retreats — except for an occasional winter cruise to the Bahamas. They know nothing about camping, but they can sell the public on the joys to be derived from this nomadic life.

You can't convince me that any female over sixteen years of age really enjoys this pursuit. I'm certain these victimized women go along because they want to impress their husbands, fathers or brothers, showing them what good sports they are. They pride themselves on the wonderful spirit of "togetherness" which camping supposedly stimulates.

Togetherness can be overdone; I'll be a good sport in other ways. I'll mow the grass occasionally when my husband wants to watch a ball game; I'll hustle out with the trash when the garbage truck noisily clatters down the block (and my husband conveniently disappears). I'll struggle with the storm windows when the winter sets in. I'll drive the kids to school when they miss the bus. I'll even walk the dog at night, my biggest concession.

My husband and children can still have their camping. As the kids grow older, they'll be eligible for camping trips with the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. My husband has my full blessing and unreserved permission to camp alone, or with other members of this fraternity, on the top of any remote mountain peak.

I'll stay home in my snug house with indoor plumbing and insect-free woodwork. I'll be waiting to welcome them home. I promise to be a most receptive sounding board as they exuberantly return — grimy and bedraggled — to tell me of their thrilling adventures.

I'll be happy to take my camping second-hand. I'd rather suffer through countless Saturday afternoon kiddie shows at the local movie theatre than become personally involved in another harrowing over-night camping trip. Like Little Red Riding Hood, it'll be a long time before I go into the woods again.

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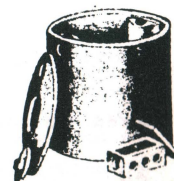
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(continued from page 3)

- 1,2,7,8,9 **Buckingham** — Town and Country Players present "The Firebug," at the Players Barn on Rte 263, west of Buckingham, 8:30 p.m. Reservations call 794-7575.
- 1,2,7,8,9 **Perkasie** — Pennridge Summer Theatre Production, "My Fair Lady" Showtime — 8:00 p.m. at the Apron Stage, Central Junior High School, 5th St. Tickets \$1.50, should be purchased in advance. Call 257-2793.
- 2 **Hilltown** — 12th Annual Pennridge Kennel Club — All Breed Dog Show and Obedience Trial, Rte 152. All day.
- 3 **Wrightstown** — Bucks County Folksong Society, an evening of Folk Music at the Wrightstown Friends Meeting House Recreation Room, Rte 413. 7 p.m. Free, [If you play an instrument, bring it along].
- 6 **Washington Crossing** — Children's Nature Class, Preserve Headquarters Building. Bowman's Hill 10 to 12 noon.
- 9,10 **New Hope** — 12th Annual Auto Show on the New Hope Solebury High School Grounds, Rte 202, west of New Hope. 10 a.m.
- 10 **Langhorne** — Open Horse Show, Pineway Farms, Woodbourne Rd., 9 a.m. All Day.
- 14,15,16 **Wrightstown** — Middletown Grange Fair, Penns Park, Wrightstown Rd. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- 16 **Doylestown** — Bucks County Antique Dealer's Show. Outdoor at Memorial Field, Rte 202, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Raindate, August 23.
- 22 **Washington Crossing** — Summer Evening Nature Lecture. Preserve Headquarters Bldg. Bowman's Hill 8 to 9 p.m.
- 23 **Doylestown** — Drum and Bugle Exhibition — 10th Annual, at War Memorial Field, Benefit Central Bucks Ambulance and Rescue Unit, 8:15 p.m. Rain Date August 24, 2:30 p.m.
- 23 **Doylestown** — Sidewalk Art Exhibit sponsored by Doylestown Art League. All day.
- 24 **Johnsville** — Model Airplane Show, Eastern States Championship. Begins at noon, Johnsville Naval Air Facility, Routes 332 and 132.
- 26 **Washington Crossing** — Identification of Summer and Fall Flowers, Session 3. Preserve Headquarters Bldg. Bowman's Hill 10 to 12 noon.
- 28 **Point Pleasant** — Delaware Canal Towpath Marathon To walk the area of the men of the Walking Purchase. [4th Annual]
- 31 and Sept 1 **Doylestown** — Polish Festival and Fair. National Shrine of our Lady of Czestochowa, Iron Hill and Ferry Roads. Free admission. Parking charge.
- 31 **Holland** — Northampton Riding Association Horse Show. Churchville Riding Stables. All day.

(continued from page 20)

"Because, Sir," she replied, "There is no future here in Egypt. From one day to the next we do not know what is to happen to us. We live in fear."

"I understand, and I would like to help you. Let me think it over, for you see, Anam, I can't promise anything so suddenly."

"Oh Sir," she pleaded, "I am heart broken if you do not help me," and she repeated "Please, Sir, help me to get away."

"Allah Yebarek feek" she said as she went out. (Thanks)  
"El baraka feek," I replied. (The same.)



# RAMBLING WITH RUSS (continued from page 17)

one half miles north of Doylestown . . . Don't miss a visit to this historic inn, one of the best, a place where you can browse around, relax and dine in gracious Colonial atmosphere . . .

Prospects look very good for Oliver A. [Ollie] Groman [Doylestown] to be our new District Judge for Magisterial District No. 3-2 come the November election . . . Ollie, 37, is a life-long resident of Central Bucks and has been active in community affairs and is endorsed by the Minor Judiciary Association of Bucks County.

. . . THE Doylestown Maennerchor Society is 85 years old and is one of the most prosperous clubs in Bucks County . . . The 1969 Summer Maennerchor picnic is scheduled for Sunday, August 17, starting at 10 A.M. . . . The Maennerchor's club headquarters at the corner of East Oakland Avenue and Donaldson Street, is undergoing extensive alterations and modernization . . . We expect Bucks County District Attorney Ward F. Clark to be elected for a second term in November, a reward for doing an outstanding job during the past four years.

. . . IT WAS in Bucks County that "Der Religious Botschafter," the first Mennonite newspaper in the world was printed . . . In fact, Bucks County was 120 years old before any newspaper was ever published in the county . . . It was just 38 years ago this August that a big sports day program was carried out at the Fanny Chapman Memorial Swimming Pool, Doylestown, with first prizes going to John Eastburn, Betty Ann Livermore, Dorothy Coulton, Newell Bisbing, David Rockafellow, Jeane Burpee, Lois Coulton, Margaret Boggs, Bobby Conroy and Bob Dunstan . . .

. . . I REMEMBER that same day, August 1, 1931, Allen Gardy shot an 80 with seven handicap strokes at the Doylestown Country Club, and "Connie" McEntee, club champion in 1931, lost out in the second round of President's Cup play to Gardy, 3 and 1 . . . And believe it or not Joe Conroy and Russ Thomas [The Olde Rambler], won first prize with a net score of 149 in a special partner's 18-hole medal play tournament on a handicap basis, beating out second place winners, Charlie Worthington and B. F. Horner.



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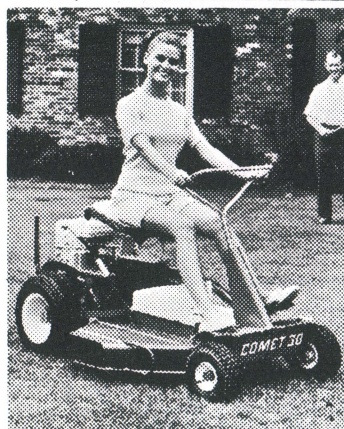
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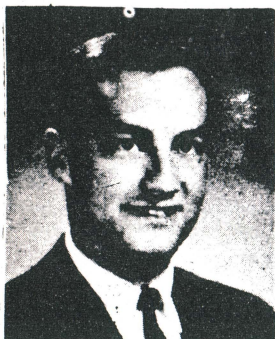
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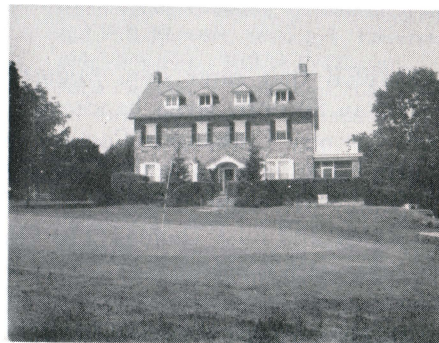
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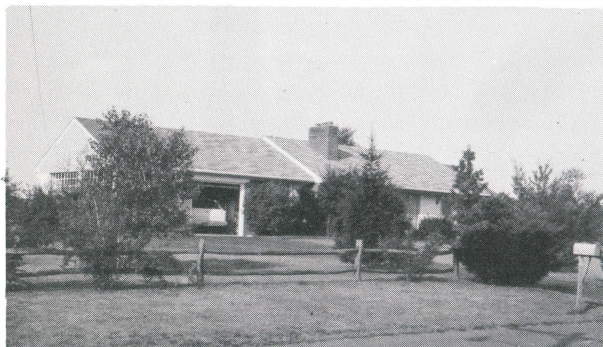
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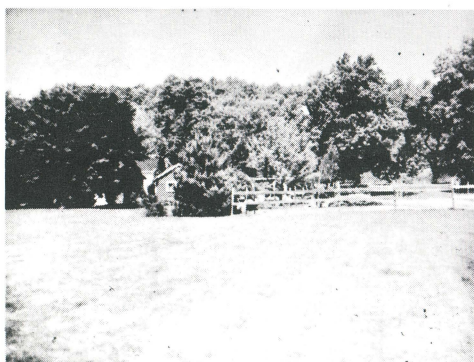


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